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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us two weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both  
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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**



KEMO SABAY AND TONTO FIND MAN OFF TRAIL! HIM LEFT ONLY IN UNDERCLOTHES! HIM STILL NOT CONSCIOUS, SO HIM CAN'T TELL US WHAT HAPPENED! BUT HE SEE BOOTPRINT ARMY BOOT MARK! KEMO SABAY THINK MESSE SOMEONE AT FORT RECOGNIZE WOUNDED FELLOW!



I'LL FORM A SQUAD AT ONCE, AND WE'LL RIDE TO THE CAMP OF YOUR MASKED FRIENDS!



LATER... [GOOD! TONTO'S BROUGHT SOME CAVALRYMEN! WE'LL RIDE DOWN TO MEET THEM. SILVER... LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!]



THERE KEMO SABAY! ALL RIGHT MEN! **SEIZE THE MASKED RIDER!**



WHY YOU TELL-UM TO--

--GET THAT MAN! THAT'S AN ORDER!











NO ONE WAS UP ON THE ROOFS DURING THE LONG WINDS OF THE NIGHT. THE WINDS BROKE THE WEATHER-ROTTED ROOFS.



CAN YOU REACH MY HAND?

...UGH!

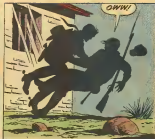


NOT A SOUND...



WHAT IS THIS NOISE?





SOON AFTER THEY RETURN TO CAMP THE MYSTERIOUS MAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

I KNOW FROM THIS BANDAGE THAT DESPITE YOUR MASK YOU CAN BE TRUSTED!

THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL TELL US **WHO** YOU ARE!



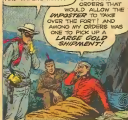
MAJOR TEM NELSON! WHILE I WAS GOING TO FORT NEALLY TO REPLACE ITS FORMER COMMANDANT I WAS AWASHED! LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS BEING HIT!

BUT COMMANDANT OF FORT... THEY CALL HIM--**MAJOR NELSON!**



NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE MAJOR'S CLOTHES AND PAPERS WENT!

GREAT SCOTT! BUT I WAS CARRYING COVERS THAT WOULD ALLOW THE **MURDERER** TO TAKE OVER THE FORT! AND AMONG MY ORDERS WAS ONE TO PICK UP A **LARGE GOLD SHIPMENT!**



TONTO HAS ALREADY INFORMED ME THAT YOUR WIPERSONATOR PLANS TO DO JUST THAT! IS THERE ANYONE AT THE FORT WHO'D **RECOGNIZE** ME IS?... BUT WE MUST FIND A WAY TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING THAT GOLD!

N-NO! NO ONE THERE KNOWS ME! THE WIPSTER HAS ALL MY PAPERS! WHO'D BELIEVE I WAS MAJOR NELSON IF HE MIGHT RECOGNIZE ME IS?... BUT WE MUST FIND A WAY TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING THAT GOLD!



NEXT MORNING AT THE STATION--

THE GOLD'S BEEN LOADED ONTO YOUR PACK HORSE, MAJOR!

FINE! HERE'S YOUR RECEIPT!



DOESN'T HANK LOOK A BIT PRETTY IN A **SHIRAZIAN?**

YEAH, BUT I'M LOOKING AT THAT CHEST OF GOLD!











HOW RED FOX COME TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND!

MAN-WHO-HOOK-FACE AND RED FOX DANCE OLD FRIENDS! YOU HELP MY PEOPLE MANY TIMES! BUT NOW, RED FOX HAVE NO FRIENDS AMONG THE WHITE MAN!



WHY ARE THE **HOLD** DREAMS BEING BEATEN?

RED FOX HAVE **VISION** SAY RED FOX LEAD ATTACK AGAINST HUNDRED FIFTY TROOPERS AT TIGER PASS SOON AFTER DAWN TOMORROW! RED FOX **ORRY** VISION!



AND IF THERE ARE **NO** TROOPERS THERE THEN?

THERE **BE** THERE **KNOW** NOT LIE TO RED FOX!



BUT YOU'VE KEPT THE PEACE FOR FIVE YEARS---

...UGH! BRAVES THINK RED FOX **KNOW** BUT **VISION** CHANGE THAT! IT TELL RED FOX WHERE TO STRIKE YELLOW STRIPES!



PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR DREAM!

...IT NOT ORDINARY DREAM! RED FOX GET **VISION** --- A SACRED MESSAGE FROM GREAT SPIRIT! RED FOX **ORRY** VISION --- WE ATTACK!



LEAD YOUR HORSE, TONTO! WE HAD SOME TROUBLE ENTERING THE CAMP-- WE MAY RUN INTO MORE TRYING TO GET OUT!









NOW TO CHECK RED FOX'S "VISION"! IT SEEMS A BIT FID DETAILED TO HAVE BEEN MERELY A DREAM!



LATER...

WENT BROUGHT THIS **SILVER BULLET**...

---I'M GLAD YOU CAME, COLONEL BOLLINS! ARE YOU EXPECTING ANY TROOPS TOMORROW?

WHY AS A MATTER OF FACT---YES! A CAPTAIN CAULDER IS BRINGING UP A HUNDRED AND FIFTY NEW SOLDIERS! THEY SHOULD CROSS TWICE PASS SHORTLY AFTER DAWN TOMORROW!



SOMEHOW, RED FOX OBTAINED THE RIGHT INFORMATION ABOUT THAT TROOP MOVEMENT! HE'S OUT TO RAISE HIS STOCK AMONG HIS TRIBESMEN BY ATTACKING THE TROOPS HIS "VISION" SAID WOULD BE THERE! THEN THEY'LL BELIEVE HE'S FAVORED BY THE GREAT SPIRIT---HE JUST **PREVENT** HIS ATTACK!



As the DRUMS GATHERED SPEED THEY RETURN TO THE WAR CAMP---



RED FOX, I'VE COME BACK TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT THE VISION---

---NO-ONE DOUBT OR QUESTION RED FOX'S VISION AND LIVE LONG!



PERHAPS THE COMING OF  
THE TROOPS WAS SOME  
THING ONE OF YOUR  
BRIDES OVERHEARD?

NO! RED  
FOX SAYS  
IT WAS  
VISION!

WOULD A VISION LEAD THEM  
INTO A BATTLE FOR WHICH  
THEY'LL BE PUNISHED?

---ENOUGH! SILENCE---!!!



IF WE CAN JUST  
GET MOUNTED---

GAWW!



STOP THEM!



THERE...TOO MANY!--



TONIGHT, YOU STAY THERE! IN MORNING, YOU  
RIDE WITH US AND SEE **ATTACK** THE  
VISION COMMAND RED FOX LEAD! THEN  
--- LIKE TROOPERS AT TWISCH  
PASS--- YOU **DIE**!







IT'S *JUST* WIDE ENOUGH---THERE WOULDN'T TIME TO BROADEN IT!



HERE'S WHERE IT COMES UP! NOW TO OPEN THE END AND HOPE IT'S *RAZ* ENOUGH JUMP FROM THE TENT!

CAUTIOUSLY THE LONE RANGER SCARES THE LAST EARTH AWAY AND THEN---



ONCE OUT OF HEARING THEY MOUNT THEIR HORSES AND RACE FOR THE TROOPS BEYOND TUMBER PASS---



HALT!

TOMTO, WE'VE REACHED THE COLUMN!

WH-WHAT IN BLAZES! A MASKED MAN---



---DON'T LET MY MASK MISLEAD YOU! I'VE COME TO HELP! TAKE HIM TO YOUR CAPTAIN!



SOON AFTER DARK, AT TIMBER RIDGE...

NOW YOU SEE HOW GREAT SPIRIT  
MAKES RED FOX!...THE VISION  
WAS TRUE!



FULFILL THE  
VISION...  
STRIKE!

WHOOOY! WHOOOY!



BUT SUDDENLY, ON THE WAR WHOOING BRAVES PLANK...

YOU WERE RIGHT! LETTING  
HALF MY FORCE RIDE ON AS  
SCHEDULED DRAW RED  
FOX'S ATTACK!

BUT NOW YOU STILL  
HAVE HALF YOUR  
MEN TO STOP  
RED FOX!



COMRADES  
FIRE!

BANG!  
BLAM!



IF I CAN GET RED FOX,  
I MAY BE ABLE TO  
END THIS QUICKLY!  
...COME ON,  
SILVER!

BANG!  
BLAM!







# A Button



COURTESY THE SPENCER MUSEUM OF ART

Sheriff Ames looked at the contents of the pockets of Col Mason, who was up on a charge of murder. Col Mason was sitting across the desk, pale and nervous.

"Sheriff," he pleaded again, "you know I would never hurt anyone. I was just walking back after asking Sam Briggs for a job."

"And Sam Briggs, owner of the Lazy-J ranch, had refused to hire you?"

"Yes, but—but I wouldn't kill a man for that, Sheriff. You've got to believe me."

"I've got to believe Art Cook, too," said Ames coldly. "He was riding by and saw you bending over the dead body of Briggs—with a gun in your hand. How do you explain that?"

"I—I—" Col Mason swallowed hard, then began again. "Well, when I first saw him lying there shot, I was excited. Didn't know what I was doing. Didn't know I even picked the gun up, sort of shocked, and . . . and . . ."

The prisoner's words faded into lame silence, at the sheriff's skeptical frown.

Ames wished he could believe the little old man. Col Mason had always been just a harmless drifter. Worked from ranch to ranch, picking up odd jobs. He had the peculiar trait of a peck-rat, too, picking up any odd bits of things, hoping to sell them for a few pennies.

The contents of Mason's pockets proved that. Some bits of old string, several empty copper shells, a rawhide thong, a rusty old spur, and a large button. No money.

At least Mason hadn't robbed Briggs. But had he killed the rancher, in blind anger at being refused a job? What stronger evidence could there be than to catch a man at the scene of the crime, still grasping the murder weapon?

And Art Cook, owner of the Double-T ranch, was an unimpeachable witness.

Yet Sheriff Ames hesitated. He knew there had also been trouble and bitter words lately between Briggs and Cook, over the waterhole lying between their ranches. Still, sensible ranchers eventually took such disputed claims to court. They didn't shoot each other down like dogs.

The sheriff sighed and called Art Cook in from the next room, for his final statement. "You swear you saw Col Mason standing over the body of Sam Briggs, with a gun in his hand?"

"I do, Sheriff," nodded Art Cook firmly. "He had no chance to sneak away after the deed. I grabbed him quick and brought him in to you."

"I—I didn't do it," moaned Col Mason hopelessly. "Please, Sheriff . . ."

Shaking his head, Ames picked up his keys to lock up Col Mason for trial. The keys lay near the trash from Mason's pockets. The sheriff paused, staring.

"That big brown button, Col," he asked suddenly. "Where did you pick it up?"

Surprised, Mason thought a moment. "Why, right near the dead man. Force of habit, I reckon. Like picking up the gun. Didn't even know what I was doing. . . ."

"Maybe you did, without knowing it," snapped Ames. "What would that button be doing on the range—unless it was accidentally ripped off the coat of the killer? Maybe he had words with the victim first. A struggle. Look at your coat, Col Mason! Do you see a missing button?"

The old man looked down puzzled. "No button missing on my coat, Sheriff."

"Right," agreed Ames. He swung around. He didn't have to say anything, or even point.

Art Cook was looking down at his own coat, his eyes slowly filling with horror. There were holes in his coat for six big brown buttons.

Six holes. But only five buttons.

# YOUNG HAWK

HELP YOURSELVES,  
YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE  
BERRY! THE MEAT IS  
WELL ROASTED!

MAY YOUR CAMP  
ALWAYS HAVE MEAT  
WELL SLAYED!

RISING FROM SLEEP, THE MORNING AFTER THEIR CAPTURE  
BY THE NOW-FRIENDLY IROQUOIS, THE TWO MANDAN BOYS  
STEP TO THE BREAKFAST FIRE.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED, WE  
WILL STUFF YOUR "FLYING CARGO"  
AND TAKE THE TRAIL WITH US!  
YOU WILL HELP, YOUNG HAWK!

WE WILL  
HELP, O OUR  
CHIEF OF THE  
IROQUOIS!

YOU FEED YOUR  
SMALL BIRD FIRST,  
YOUNG HAWK! IS  
HE PERHAPS, A  
MANTID?

NO--- BUT  
LITTLE BROTHER IS MY  
PARTNER! HIS EYES ARE  
SHARP TO SPOT DANGER  
ON THE TRAIL!

LIFT THE MAST  
HIGH--- TO CLEAR  
THE CARGES!

THE SAILING DUGOUT IS  
QUICKLY DISMANTLED...

---AND ITS PARTS DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE WARRIORS,  
AS THEY TAKE THE HOMeward TRAIL.









HEADED FOR THE OTHER SIDE!  
I COULD WIN HIM WHEN HE COMES  
UP———BUT THAT WOULD NOT BE  
HONORABLE!



YOU GOT ME OUT OF A  
TIGHT PLACE———WITH  
YOUR WAR CLUB,  
WOLF SLAYER!

UGH! YOU HAD  
ALREADY SAVED MY  
LIFE! THIS DEAR CLAY  
MOCKLACE———



——IT BELONGS TO  
THE VICTORY! IT IS  
YOURS, YOUNG HAWK!

NOW IT WAS YOUR  
BLOW THAT STUNNED  
THE HUBON! BUT I  
COULD USE HIS  
ARROWS!



WE WILL CROSS  
THE RIVER NOW,  
AND COMPLETE OUR  
SCOUTING!

BUT WITH CARE!  
THERE MIGHT BE MORE  
ENEMIES OVER THERE,  
OUT OF SIGHT!



YOU ARE RIGHT!  
WATCH HERE,  
YOUNG HAWK———  
UNTIL I CROSS!

I SEE  
NOTHING——  
YET!



CHIEF——  
EER-EER!  
CHARRRR!

DOORCHIE!  
LITTLE BROTHER  
S-YES ENEMIES——?



AT YOUNG HAWK'S SHOUT, THE  
INDIAN'S EYES—IN TIME!









# THE CHUCKWALLA



Like many other members of the lizard family, the chuckwalla prefers to live in the dry, rocky, desert regions of southwestern United States. When faced with a dangerous predator, this fast long relative of the iguana protects himself by growing fat — for, by first crawling into an available crevice, the chuckwalla inflates his large lungs and expands his loose body skin tight against the walls of the crevice. Now, securely wedged, even the most determined enemy will

be unable to remove him, and must give up.

Often times, this lizard buries himself in the loose sand. His nostrils are specially constructed to prevent sand from getting into his lungs, and his lower jaw fits snugly over the upper so that sand does not penetrate his mouth.

Feeding on flower buds and blossoms, the chuckwalla does most of his foraging at night, for even this cold-blooded fellow finds the blaring desert sun unattractive during the daylight hours.

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with his Indian foe —

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an accident

**BE SMART—PLAY SAFE!**



When climbing hold with both hands tight  
Bad falls break bones from any height



When playing under the burning sun  
It hurts all over if you're too well done



With your own dog it's fun to play  
But strange dogs? Better keep away!



Fire roasts and fries things, too  
Don't get too close—it might fry you!



Skating's fun for short and tall  
But bumping others means a fall



When playing on sand or dirt or grass  
Play safe! Clear away the rocks and glass!

**LOOK, KIDS!** Tell Mom that  
**JUICY FRUIT GUM** is pure and  
wholesome and won't fill you  
up between meals. Remind  
her to keep plenty on hand  
all the time

